LINN

Discover the world of Linn Records

Linn Records is home to some of the world's finest classical talent. As extensive as it is diverse, the catalogue boasts an array of exceptional performers ranging from the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Dunedin Consort and Fitzwilliam Quartet to James Gilchrist and Pamela Thorby. Linn Records classical recordings have received great critical acclaim and numerous awards and plaudits. In 2009 'Mozart Symphonies 38- 41' by the SCO and Sir Charles Mackerras won the prestigious BBC Music Magazine 'Disc of the Year' and the 'Critics' Award' at the Classical BRITs. Further successes include the Dunedin Consort's recording of Handel's 'Messiah (Dublin Version, 1742)' which was named 'Baroque Vocal Album of the Year' at the Classic FM Gramophone Awards in 2007 and won the 'Baroque Award' at the 2008 Midem Awards.

Linn recordings are all available to download at high resolution from the award-winning website **www.linnrecords.com**

Downloads can be enjoyed on the Linn DS range of products which are the first digital stream players to deliver specialist performance and convenience completely in harmony with how people live. Linn DS products offer maximum freedom of choice for customers. All Linn systems are modular, upgradeable and expandable, so choosing Linn is an investment in an authentic specialist system. Linn retailers are trained to the highest standard to help you select the best system to meet your current and future needs through expert demonstration and consultation, installation and after-sales service. Linn standards ensure that whichever system you choose, you will experience the thrill and emotion of the original performance like never before.

LINN, GLASGOW ROAD, WATERFOOT, GLASGOW G76 0EQ UK
t: **+44 (0)141 307 7777** f: **+44 (0)141 303 5007**
e: **info@linnrecords.co.uk** w: **www.linnrecords.com / www.linn.co.uk**

CKD 342

the prince consort

NED ROREM
ON AN ECHOING ROAD

the prince consort

ALISDAIR HOGARTH artistic director & piano
ANNA LEESE soprano
JENNIFER JOHNSTON mezzo-soprano
ANDREW STAPLES tenor
TIM MEAD countertenor
JACQUES IMBRAILO baritone

NED ROREM
ON AN ECHOING ROAD

The Prince Consort gratefully acknowledge the support of Simon Yates.

London Philharmonic Orchestra at the age of 15. **The Prince Consort** also draws on a core of highly-acclaimed guest artists including Anna Grevelius, Allan Clayton and Nicholas Mulroy.

Following their highly-praised debut in the Fresh Series at the Purcell Room (Britten's *Canticles* and Strauss *Lieder*), they hit the musical headlines when one of their recitals was auctioned for charity for £14,000. Recent performances have included a critically acclaimed interpretation of Brahms' *Liebeslieder* with Graham Johnson at the Wigmore Hall, *Zigeunerlieder* at the Oxford Lieder Festival, *Orpheus Brittanicus* at the Aldeburgh Festival and appearances on BBC Radio 3. They have also recently undertaken a residency at Aldeburgh and their audioblog can be heard on Classic FM's website. Other engagements include the official European premiere of Rorem's *Evidence of Things Not Seen* at the Oxford Lieder Festival 2009 and the world premiere of a piece written specially for them by Rorem at Wigmore Hall in 2010.

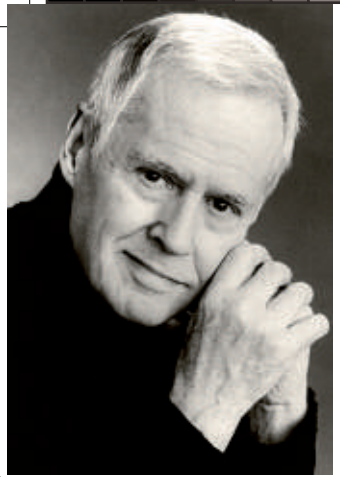
the prince consort

Founded by British pianist **Alisdair Hogarth**, **The Prince Consort** is fast emerging as a fresh, exciting and versatile ensemble. Their performances are characterised by their polished presentation of wide-ranging and accessible programmes, which showcase different combinations of voice and piano, from solos to small groups in piano-accompanied song. The group is enthusiastically supported by their patron Sir Thomas Allen and artistic advisors Neil Mackie CBE, John Blakely, Roger Vignoles, and leading producer John Fraser.

The group consists of six founder members, who met whilst studying at the Royal College of Music. Soprano **Anna Leese** has appeared numerous times in leading roles at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and was a soloist at the Last Night of the Proms 2008. Mezzo-soprano **Jennifer Johnston** made acclaimed debuts at the Salzburg Festival as *Carmi/La Betulia Liberata* (released on DVD by Deutsche Grammophon) and at the Festival d'Aix en Provence as *Dido/Dido* and *Aeneas*. Countertenor **Tim Mead** has recently debuted at the Royal Opera House in the world premiere of Birtwistle's *The Minotaur*, and at Glyndebourne Festival Opera as *Title Role/Giulio Cesare*. Tenor **Andrew Staples** won the song prizes at both the Kathleen Ferrier and Richard Tauber Awards in 2005 and has appeared as a solo artist at the Royal Opera House and with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Simon Rattle. Baritone **Jacques Imbrailo** won the Audience Prize at Cardiff Singer of the World in 2007 and was a member of the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House. **Alisdair Hogarth**, piano, is the regular partner to many of his generation's finest young artists and made his concerto debut with the

1 Early in the morning - *Jacques Imbrailo*
2 Are you the new person drawn toward me? - *Anna Leese*
3 Rain in Spring - *Tim Mead*
4 For Susan - *Andrew Staples*
5 Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening - *Jennifer Johnston*
6 Jeanie with the light brown hair - *Jacques Imbrailo*
7 To a young girl - *Anna Leese*
8 Catullus: On the burial of his brother - *Andrew Staples*
9 Requiescat - *Anna Leese, Tim Mead & Jacques Imbrailo*
10 I will always love you - *Jennifer Johnston*
11 That shadow, my likeness - *Tim Mead*
12 On an echoing road - *Tim Mead & Anna Leese*
13 I strolled across an open field - *Jacques Imbrailo*
14 Alleluia - *Andrew Staples*
15 Little Elegy - *Anna Leese*
16 Sometimes with one I love - *Tim Mead*
17 Hymn for Evening
- *Anna Leese, Andrew Staples, Tim Mead & Jacques Imbrailo*
18 Orchids - *Jennifer Johnston*
19 On a singing girl - *Andrew Staples*
20 Now sleeps the crimson petal - *Anna Leese*
21 What if some little pain - *Tim Mead*
22 Look down, fair moon - *Jennifer Johnston*
23 The Rainbow - *Andrew Staples, Jennifer Johnston & Jacques Imbrailo*
24 Do I love you more than a day? - *Tim Mead*
25 Their lonely betters - *Anna Leese*
26 Do not love too long - *Tim Mead*
27 Comment on War - *Anna Leese & Jennifer Johnston*
28 The Serpent - *Andrew Staples*
29 Full of life now - *Anna Leese*

The Prince Consort would like to thank Ned Rorem, Mary Marshall, Joyce & Mary Hogarth, James Murphy, Simon Millward, Helen Tweedy and Nini Begishvili.



Ned Rorem – On an echoing road

One of the more laconic jokes doing the rounds these days goes something like this: Ned (or whoever you like) calls out to an echo, 'Hello Echo'. The echo replies, 'Hello Ned'.

As comedy this brings little more than a wry smile. But ponder on its contradictions and you end up thinking the way Ned Rorem gets you thinking. Not Ned Rorem the composer, who *writes* music, he says, 'because I want to hear it': the other Ned Rorem – the prolific essayist and diarist – who writes about why he writes music, and expounds, amid anecdotes, on his creative philosophy and aesthetic.

It is an aesthetic that for a long time went against the flow: tonal, approachable, radical only in that it must have sounded so familiar. Rorem's music was never the *dernier cri* in an age, post-1945, when 'original' was held to be synonymous with 'good'. So he concludes in one collection of musings that 'imitation is the truest form of individuality'. And he quotes Raymond Radiguet saying, 'a true artist has his own voice and cannot copy, so he has only to copy to prove his originality.' Apply this cryptic argument to the echo joke and Ned the artist calls out to the echo, while the echo – being Ned's creation – is a copy that proves to be original. Rorem the composer can imitate but in doing so will inevitably produce something new.

Such tangled thinking is where an overdose of re-reading Rorem's bewildering, beguiling prose has got me. But listen to the songs on this disc and the echo allusion becomes far less bewildering: these songs beguile

PUBLISHERS

1. **Early in the morning – Robert Hillyer**
(Music published by Henmar [Peters])

3. **Rain in spring – Paul Goodman** © Copyright by Paul Goodman, 1941, renewed 1969 by Paul Goodman. All rights reserved.
Words published by permission of The Macmillan Company, USA.

4. **For Susan – Paul Goodman** © Copyright by Paul Goodman, 1941, renewed 1969 by Paul Goodman. All rights reserved.
Words published by permission of The Macmillan Company, USA.

10. **I will always love you – Frank O'Hara** © Copyright by Frank O'Hara.
Reproduced by permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.

12. **On an echoing road** – *from 'L'Etoile Vesper'*
English translation by Ned Rorem *'L'Etoile Vesper'* by S.G.C. Colette
1946 Editions du Milieu du Monde

13. **I strolled across an open field – Theodore Roethke**
Lyrics from the book Rothke: *Collected Poems* by Theodore Rothke.
Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1948 by Theodore Roethke.

15. **Little elegy – Elinor Wylie**
Original text: Elinor Wylie, *Angels & Earthly Creatures*
(New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1929)

18. **Orchids – Theodore Roethke**
Lyrics from the book *Rothke: Collected Poems* by Theodore Rothke.
Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1948 by Theodore Roethke.

19. **On a singing girl – Elinor Wylie**
Published in 1926, Simon & Schuster (New York)

24. **Do I love you more than a day? – Jack Larson** © Copyright by Jack Larson.
Reproduced by permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.

25. **Their lonely betters – W.H.Auden**
© 1952 by W.H.Auden. Used by permission of Curtis Brown Ltd.

27. **Comment on war – Langston Hughes**
© 1994 by the Estate Of Langston Hughes

28. **The Serpent – Theodore Roethke**
Lyrics from the book *Roethke: Collected Poems* by Theodore Roethke.
Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc. © Copyright 1950 by Theodore Roethke

Reproduced by permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.

27. **Comment on War**
Langston Hughes

Let us kill off youth
For the sake of truth.
We who are old know what truth is –
Truth is a bundle of vicious lies
Tied together and sterilized –
A war-maker's bait for unwise youth
To kill each other
For the sake of
Truth.

28. **The Serpent**
Theodore Roethke

There was a Serpent who had to sing.
There was. There was.
He simply gave up Serpenting.
Because. Because.

He didn't Like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.
And so, of course, he had to Sing,
And Sing he did, like Anything!
The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful racket:
They bought a Drum.
He wouldn't Whack it.
They sent – you always send – to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do *not* like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the birds flew off to the End of Next Week.

29. **Full of life now**
Walt Whitman

Full of life, now, compact, visible,
I, forty years old the Eighty-third Year
of The States,
To one a century hence,
or any number of centuries hence,
To you yet unborn these, seeking you.

When you read these I that was visible
am become invisible,
Now it is you, compact, visible,
realizing my poems, seeking me,
Fancying how happy you were if I could be
with you and become your loving comrade;
Be it as if I were with you.
(Be not too certain but I am now with you.)

with their straightforwardness; they revel in their lyricism; and they are distinctively Ned Rorem while often self-consciously following an echoing road through the French, English and American song repertoires.

Of the American more later. The Anglophone echoes include 'Hymn for evening', from the cycle *Evidence of Things Not Seen* (1997), which sounds like a transplant from an Anglican church service, with its 'organ' preamble and quartet of voices. 'Catullus: on the burial of his brother' (1947) recalls the heyday of English song in its melodic sweep, and the vocal line of 'On a singing girl' (1946) would not be out of place in a manuscript by Gerald Finzi. These last two were written in the days when Rorem studied during the summers with Aaron Copland at Tanglewood, before his 1949 pilgrimage to Paris. It was a pilgrimage that most notable American composers seem to have made; in Rorem's case it lasted a decade and became the shaping experience of his music and his life.

You cannot help but hear Francis Poulenc, the most significant French song composer since Ravel, in the way the piano defines Rorem's songs in mood, style, meaning – even in their echoes – with repeating gestures or patterns ('My *donnée* or raw notion – the spark that's lit in the night – usually ends up as an accompaniment,' Rorem writes). 'Early in the morning' (1958), the opening song in this recital, is an obvious example: a sunny, gentle waltz and a lazy reminiscence on Paris and youth, that evokes the even gentler, even lazier atmosphere of Poulenc's 'Hôtel'. Or there is 'To a young girl' (1951): sparse, tentative, then impassioned, and reminiscent of Poulenc's 'Montparnasse'.

Poulenc can be found in the melodies, too. After all, Rorem's description of Poulenc's 'tunes' could apply perfectly well to his own: '[they] stem from speech; he never squeezed verse into pre-written musical phrases. His

concern for correct stress made even his lushest songs talky.' What could be more 'talky' than the W. B. Yeats setting 'Do not love too long', one of Rorem's *Poems of love and the rain* (1963)? This melody unwinds syllable by syllable, rising and falling with natural ease and lingering for a melisma only on a word like 'old', where a reader, too, would linger. 'The Serpent' (1971-2) sets Theodore Roethke commenting in allegorical mode on would-be singers. The result is a comical song, its piano frantic while the voice leaps with deliberate but steady awkwardness. Yet once more the effect is 'talky', as you might pace and intone for a child.

Good song composers, you would expect, will match their music to the shapes and emphases of the text in this way, but that does not necessarily mean the melodies will retain the essence of speech. In Ned Rorem's hands, such 'talkiness' is a given. What's more, his melodies have an intimacy, most easily ascribed to their unaffected simplicity, that few in the realm of so-called 'art song' have achieved. It is an intimacy far more familiar in popular song, be it by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Burt Bacharach, The Beatles or, if we are sticking to the French sphere, Edith Piaf. And therein lies another layer – another set of echoes – that distinguishes Ned Rorem's songs. They do not in any sense imitate popular styles – sometimes far from it – but in their melodic directness and 'singability' they can feel as easy to listen to as what is nowadays termed 'easy listening'. This seems as true of charmers like 'Rain in Spring' (1949) or 'For Susan' (1953) as it does of the lusciously evocative 'Orchids' (1959) or the one song on this disc that comes closest to pastiche, the Music Hall-infused 'Full of life now' (1989). And it might even be borne out by Noël Coward – a man who knew something about popular song – who is reported by Rorem to have been so taken by 'Little Elegy' (1948) that he 'declared… when [Rorem makes] an opera of *Brief Encounter*, it must sound like that song.'

23. **The Rainbow**
William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So it is now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety.

24. **Do I love you more than a day?**
Jack Larson

Do I love you more than a day?
Days used to be faint hours to endure.
Now, through our love, I feel each hour
on this spinned world about the sun.
Embodied time, I live creation.
Through you.
And I love you more than a day.

25. **Their lonely betters**
W.H.Auden

As I listened from a beach-chair
in the shade
To all the noises that my garden made,
It seemed to me only proper that words
Should be withheld from vegetables
and birds.

A robin with no Christian name
ran through
The Robin-Anthem which was all it knew,
And rustling flowers for some third
party waited
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

Not one of them was capable of lying,
There was not one which knew
that it was dying
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their
lonely betters
Who count some days and long for
certain letters;
We, too, make noises when we laugh
or weep:
Words are for those with promises to keep.

26. **Do not love too long**
William Butler Yeats

Sweetheart, do not love too long:
I loved long and long,
And grew to be out of fashion
Like an old song.

All through the years of our youth
Neither could have known
Their own thought from the other's,
We were so much at one.

But O, in a minute he changed –
O do not love too long,
Or you will grow out of fashion
Like an old song.

21. **What if some little pain…**
Edmund Spenser

What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well home, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life doth greatly please.

22. **Look down, fair moon**
Walt Whitman

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods
on faces ghastly, swollen purple,
On the dead on their backs with their arms
toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

Perhaps there is no more to the magic than, as Rorem claims, that 'I set words to music as I talk them: which is what makes my songs personal – if indeed they are'. Perhaps it is that Rorem composes for singing which is, as he calls it, 'non-operatic' and so, by definition, more intimate. Or perhaps it is the affinity for language of Rorem the writer that helps his musical setting of other people's texts flow with such immediacy and ease. It seems the man himself is not sure either. In a 1964 diary entry, he wrote:

> I feel guilty about what I do best – setting words to music. Because it comes easily (meaning naturally), I feel I'm cheating. Still, it isn't *my* hand that has wings but another Ned Rorem's; I sit back impotent watching his hand err and triumph.
>
> The hand works to fill a void. Whether the work is good doesn't matter.
>
> I know music – I don't know about music. Yes, I write songs. This does not mean I *know how* to write songs. I can show you how to make a perfect one, but not a good one. (Oh, I *do* "know how" to compose, but that's all. If I've anything to "impart," I'm unaware of it.)
>
> Yet I was once arbitrarily named the best songwriter in the world ...

That epithet had appeared in *Time* Magazine. It was quite a claim. In America the crown might more probably have gone to Aaron Copland or Samuel Barber; in Britain, Benjamin Britten could have expected the title. For while in the 1950s Rorem was still living out the youthful escapades he later immortalised in the *Paris Diaries*, and was a newcomer as an art-song composer, Copland, Barber and Britten were creating songs that have

since reached the status of masterworks. The echoes of some of these songs find their way into Rorem's music even decades later: the influence of Britten's *Canticles* 'My beloved is mine' and 'Abraham and Isaac' is, for instance, unmistakable in 'On an echoing road' from *Evidence of things not seen* (1997). Rorem's debt to Copland is implicit when he calls him 'the father of American music'. The competition from Barber is acknowledged when Rorem writes: 'We moved in different circles. Also, being almost the only ones whose catalogues were colored by Song, that fact in turn was colored – at least for me – by a certain rivalry.'

Debatable as the *Time* Magazine quote was when it was published, it has stuck. Today almost every article on Ned Rorem – this one now included – mentions it. Why? Because we all like decisive categorizations like 'the best', for sure. But also because more than sixty years after Rorem wrote the earliest of the songs recorded in this set, he can sit at home in New York (his base since moving back from Paris half a century ago) knowing that songs like 'Look down, fair moon' (1957), 'That shadow, my likeness' (1963) or his arrangement of 'Jeanie with the light brown hair' (1982) are echoing in recital halls around the world. He can listen (though he claims not to) to an ever-expanding collection of Rorem song recordings by performers several generations his junior, like members of The Prince Consort. And he continues to add to that 'catalogue colored by Song' – a new work written for The Prince Consort will be premiered in 2010. So audiences and performers have long treasured Ned Rorem's songs, and the choice of treasures is vast: there are over 600 of them. Maybe – prophetically – *Time* was right.

The splash made by the publication of Rorem's uncompromising Paris Diaries in 1966 changed his music and his writing. He explains:

20. **Now sleeps the crimson petal**
Lord Alfred Tennyson

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.

16. **Sometimes with one I love**
Walt Whitman

Sometimes with one I love,
I fill myself with rage,
for fear I effuse unreturn'd love;
But now I think there is no unreturn'd love –
the pay is certain, one way or another;
(I loved a certain person ardently,
and my love was not return'd;
Yet out of that I have written these songs.)

17. **Hymn for Evening**
Thomas Ken

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace must be.

May my soul on thee repose,
And with sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

18. **Orchids**
Theodore Roethke

They lean over the path,
Adder-mouthed,
Swaying close to the face,
Coming out, soft and deceptive,
Limp and damp, delicate as a
young bird's tongue;
Their fluttery fledgling lips
Move slowly,
Drawing in the warm air.
And at night,
The faint moon falling through
whitewashed glass,
The heat going down
So their musky smell comes even stronger,
Drifting down from their mossy cradles:
So many devouring infants!
Soft luminescent fingers,
Lips neither dead nor alive,
Loose ghostly mouths
breathing.

19. **On a singing girl**
Elinor Wylie

Musa of the sea-blue eyes,
Silver nightingale alone
In a little coffin lies:
A stone beneath a stone.

She, whose song we loved the best,
Is voiceless in a sudden Night:
On your light limbs, O loveliest,
May the dust be light!

> [In my] music, which had hitherto been (so I imagine) elegant, pristine, well-chiseled, I consciously tried for more... well, for more *ugliness*, more space and more madness. And so, the Good Ned of Notes entered a destabilizing mirror while the Naughty Ned of Verbs exited. The two changed places permanently and, with benign schizophrenia, have run on parallel tracks ever since. They seldom meet.

'Benign schizophrenia' and 'destabilizing mirror' lead us back to "Hello Echo" – "Hello Ned". Rorem has two voices, he claims: musical and literary. His listeners, he says, know only his music: his readers know only his prose. But it is worth knowing both. The parallel tracks belong together. Good Ned and Naughty Ned shed light on each other because, as in the joke, the call and the altered echo are from the same source. Rorem's 'parallel tracks' turn into an echoing road where, to quote Colette as Rorem sets her, 'trotting in unison, now out of step, now as one again, are two horses saddled together, guided by a single hand... O my slow steeds, pull now together: from here I can see the end of the road.'

© **Armin Zanner**, 2009

Armin Zanner is a baritone who teaches at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London and is Artistic Director of the Franz-Schubert-Institut in Baden, Austria.

Recorded at Potton Hall, UK, 10 – 13 February 2009
Produced by **John Fraser**
Engineered by **Philip Hobbs**
Post-production by **Julia Thomas**, Finesplice, UK
Photographs of The Prince Consort by **Richard Ecclestone**
Artwork by **John Haxby**

1. **Early in the morning**
Robert Hillyer

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away,
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

2. **Are you the new person drawn toward me?**
Walt Whitman

Are you the new person drawn toward me?
To begin with take warning – I am surely
far different from what you suppose:
Do you suppose you will find in me your ideal?
Do you think it so easy to have me
become your lover?
Do you think the friendship of me
would be unalloy'd satisfaction?
Do you think I am trusty and faithful?
Do you see no further than this façade –
this smooth and tolerant manner of me?
Do you suppose yourself advancing on
real ground toward a real heroic man?
Have you no thought, O dreamer,
that it may be all maya, illusion?

3. **Rain in Spring**
Paul Goodman

There fell a beautiful clear rain
with no admixture of fog or snow,
and this was and no other thing
the very sign of the start of spring.
Not the longing for a lover
nor the sentiment of starting over,
but this clear and refreshing rain
falling without haste or strain.

4. **For Susan**
Paul Goodman

How like a wild flower untended among
garden flowers no fairer are Susan and
these kempt children beauties all!

Surely a wild strain of blood and wit,
as well as we know, is in her:
fitful, fearful, willful, gay, and tearful.

All these: yet persevering like the
cornflower, the daisy, and never will
agree to take a fatal loss.
Praise God, somehow in our disastrous
homes the sun and rain and fresh winds
blow, and these nourish our darling.

12. **On an echoing road** (from *L'Etoile Vesper*)
S.G.C. Colette
*English translation by Ned Rorem

[Sur une route sonore s'accorde, puis se désaccorde pour s'accorder encore, le trot de deux chevaux attelés en paire, guidés par la même main. Plume et aiguille, habitude de travail et sage envie d'y mettre fin lient amitié, se séparent, se réconcilient… Mes lents corsaires, tachez à aller de compagnie: je vois d'ici le bout de la route.]

On an echoing road, trotting in unison, now out of step, now as one again, are two horses saddled together, guided by a single hand. The needle and the pen, the habit of work and the sly urge to quit the habit, make friends with each other, then separate, then reconcile again… O my slow steeds, pull now together: from here I can see the end of the road.

13. **I strolled across an open field**
Theodore Roethke

I strolled across
An open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.

The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And flowers jumped
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.

I came where the river
Ran over stones:
My ears knew
An early joy.

And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.

14. **Alleluia**
Alleluia,
alleluia,
alleluia,
alleluia…

15. **Little Elegy**
Elinor Wylie

Without you
No rose can grow;
No leaf be green
If never seen
Your sweetest face;
No bird have grace
Or power to sing;

that was love growing fainter
each time you failed to appear

my whole self spent searching
love which I thought was you

it was mine so very briefly
and I never knew it, or you went

I thought it was outside disappearing
but it is disappearing in my heart

like snow blown in a window
to be gone from the world

I will always love you

11. **That shadow, my likeness**
Walt Whitman

That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro,
seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,
How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits,
How often I question and doubt whether that is really me;
But among my lovers, and carolling my songs,
O I never doubt whether that is really me.

5. **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**
Robert Frost

6. **Jeanie with the light brown hair**
Stephen Collins Foster

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor, on the summer air:
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour.
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day-dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Waiting for the lost one that comes not again:
I long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low,
Never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

7. **To a young girl**
William Butler Yeats

My dear, my dear I know
More than another
What makes your heart beat so;
Not even your own mother
Can know it as I know,
Who broke my heart for her
When the wild thought,
That she denies
And has forgot,
Set all her blood astir
And glittered in her eyes.

8. **Catullus: On the burial…**
tr. Aubrey Beardsley

By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad grave-side am I come
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb;
Since She who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, dearest brother from mine eyes.
But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell,
Take them, all drenched with a brother's tears,
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

9. **Requiescat**
Oscar Wilde

Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone
She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

10. **I will always love you**
Frank O'Hara

I will always love you
though I never loved you

a boy smelling faintly of heather
staring up at your window

the passion that enlightens
and stills and cultivates, gone

while I sought your face
to be familiar in the blueness

or to follow your sharp whistle
around a corner into my light